



## LOVE'S POWER.

If I were blind, and thou shouldst enter  
E'er so softly in the room,  
I should know it,  
I should feel it,  
Something subtle would reveal it,  
And a glory round thee center  
That would lighten up the gloom.  
And my heart would surely guide me,  
With love's second sight provide me,  
O'er the crowd to find,  
If I were blind!

If I were deaf, and thou hadst spoken  
Erethy presence I had known,  
I should know it,  
I should feel it,  
Something subtle would reveal it,  
And the seal at once be broken  
By Love's liquid undertone.  
Deaf to other, stranger voices,  
And the world's discordant noises—  
Whisper, whoso'er thou art,  
'Till reach my heart!

—Josephine Pollard.

## A LITTLE RUSE.

OFTEN think what  
a deal of fun con-  
ventional folks  
must miss," said  
Gladys Bolton, in-  
tending upon an elab-  
orate pattern she  
was producing with  
the stiff front of her  
cream-holland skirt.

"This, I suppose, you designate  
fun?" inquired her companion, with  
audacious, twinkling eyes.  
He was lounging at her side, enjoy-  
ing more than his share of the shadow  
of a white umbrella he gallantly held  
up, ostensibly to screen her from the  
sun.

"Well, it is enjoyment—laziness."  
The flash faded from her face almost  
as quickly as it came. "No one to  
preach of prunes and prisms; sunshine,  
tranquility—"

"And my lively sallies to charm  
away ennui," he concluded, with evi-  
dent self-satisfaction.  
"Ah, yes. You are indispensable,  
of course. Think of my colorless exist-  
ence without you; think of what it  
was before we met."

She gazed straight ahead at the sum-  
mer tints painting the verdant valley  
before her, with rather a poor attempt  
at pensiveness.

"How long ago is that?" To me, it  
seems an endless Utopian dream. "How-  
ever, it's a reality we can't even stretch  
out into a week," and then she laughed  
merrily. What a sketch I must have  
looked that day, struggling with the  
refractory umbrella!

"The prettiest one I had ever seen.  
I am glad now that I came so promp-  
tly to the rescue."

"Otherwise you certainly would  
have the sun most abominably in your  
eyes." She was blinking piteously in  
his glaring light. He felt rather awk-  
ward and shifted the umbrella—which,  
by the way, was the one he had saved  
from a complete smash-up upon the  
boisterous day of their meeting—  
further over her side.

"Pardon me," he whispered, humbly.  
"It slipped gradually, you know, and  
I am disgustingly lazy. What  
place is that nestling down there  
among the trees? It reminds me of  
Braemar Castle, dotted there at the  
foot of these hills, with the river wind-  
ing around it, and the sun upon its  
white turrets."

"That's Lynford Manor, one of the  
seats of Sir Owen Chalmers. The old  
baronet, you know, has just recently  
died, and the title and estates go to a  
young and distant relative."

"Indeed!" Her companion looked  
interested. "Has the new owner put  
in an appearance yet—or is he ex-  
pected?"

Gladys shook her head. "Pat told  
us he was a jolly sort of fellow, and  
would not be likely to trouble such a  
dead-and-alive spot as this much."

"Who's Pat, may I ask?" he said,  
somewhat unceremoniously. The blue  
eyes roved down the valley again, ap-  
parently finding the ardent gaze of  
his dark ones hard to encounter.

"A friend of mine and dad's," she  
replied. "Are you satisfied?"

"More especially yours, I presume,"  
he said, coolly.

She turned suddenly on him with a  
look intended to be scathing, but  
laughed instead.

"I am rude, am I not?" he said.  
"But, do you know, I have a great  
friend who is called Pat—Patet Lor-  
mer, a lieutenant in the navy, and an  
irrepressible flirt."

Her eyes danced. "The same," she  
declared. "It must be my—our  
Pat."

"You make sure of it by the last-  
named characteristic, eh? Forgive  
me, Miss Bolton," he continued, as  
Gladys was trying to frown; "again I  
am rude. How nice, though, that we  
should both know your Pat." He laid  
an unnecessary emphasis on the pro-  
noun.

"Very," she acquiesced, demurely,  
and then awaited his next remark. If  
she thought she was going to treat  
him stiffly, she made a huge mistake.  
So long as she remained silent he de-  
termined to do the same. In a few  
seconds she met the merry twinkle of  
his eyes, and then they both laughed  
like a couple of silly children.

"Well, to return to the new baro-  
net—what else did Pat tell you about  
him?"

"A deal more. He gave him a  
splendid character: said he was a tre-  
mendous favorite in society, a thor-  
oughly good all-around fellow."

"His pockets are well lined, you  
see."

"What difference does that make to  
Pat, do you suppose?" she replied,  
loftily.

"You mistake me; I was talking of  
the world. He is not all that—all the  
world, I mean—to you, I trust?"

"How should it concern you if he  
were?"

"In this way, I should be out in the  
cold altogether," and he looked as  
grave as a judge. "You are a flirt,  
Miss Bolton."

"And you're another. We can cry  
quits. Why are you so interested in  
the new baronet?"

"Because he's my namesake, per-  
haps—for no other reason. My inter-  
est, I assure you, is of the most lan-  
guid order."

"Owen?" she repeated, thoughtfully.  
"Yes, why don't you say it's a  
pretty name?"

"Because I don't think it is—"  
which was a fib.

The sound of horse's hoofs in the  
grassy lane behind them made Gladys  
move an inch or two further from him,  
with all a woman's natural caution.  
He did not change his attitude in the  
least degree. She had often heard  
him declare that he cared for nobody,  
and believed it.

Her father, however, was the last  
person in the world to whom he would  
have chosen to parade his nonchal-  
ance just then. His face was a study  
when he heard Gladys calling, "Papa,  
papa!" and the creaking of the old  
soldier's stiff top-boots as he left his  
horse for a moment, and came over the  
grass towards them.

"You must introduce yourself,"  
she hurriedly whispered in his ear.

"Not at all," he disputed, "you  
know my name."

A shadow fell across the sunlight,  
and the Colonel's stalwart form towered  
before them. His voice was deep  
and kindly, and his manner less awe-  
inspiring than his looks.

Poor Gladys trembled inwardly;  
then a brilliant thought came to her.

"Papa," she said airily, though  
with a slight nervous contortion of her  
delicate brows; "this is a great friend  
of Pat's—Mr. Owen." Then she  
smiled, thinking she had done the  
thing very neatly.

The Colonel extended his hand with  
hearty good will. He liked the stran-  
ger's open, good-humored face, and  
felt amused at the free-and-easy intima-  
cy which seemed to exist between  
them—not surprised in the least. He  
never pretended to be with his pretty,  
audacious daughter, whose freaks  
were manifold. He stayed to chat a  
little time, perhaps partly to criticize  
this latest victim to the shrine of beauty.

"You'll have to get out some of your  
finery again, Gladys," he said, teasingly.

"Indeed—why, papa?"

"I hear from his steward that Sir  
Owen Chalmers is expected soon."

"What an event!" she cried, mock-  
ingly. "That means leaving our cards,  
or a formal call, and there the busi-  
ness ends."

"Surely, you don't think he will be  
so unsober, Miss Bolton?" Owen  
asked, looking quite seriously at her.

"Oh, the fault will be ours. We are  
too poor to see much of titled folks."

He laughed airily, but the Colonel  
frowned, though ever so slightly. His  
notions of etiquette had been formed  
long before the rise of Bohemianism.

"I suppose you have heard plenty  
of this lanky young man since your  
stay here, sir?" he said courteously to  
Owen. "These estimable country  
people seem to expect quite a prodigy.  
But, perhaps, you know him person-  
ally?"

"I do," he admitted, indifferently.  
The Colonel left them then, for his  
horse was growing impatient. He had  
business to transact, too, with his  
lawyer at home, which promised to  
run away with a deal of time. But  
the lawyer had left, and he had taken  
his place at the table, ravenous for  
luncheon, before Gladys strolled lei-  
suredly in.

"Where did you meet Mr. Owen?"  
was his first question.

A rough smile sparked in her eye.  
"In the Manor Lane, one day last  
week. It was frightfully windy," she  
explained rapidly. "My umbrella  
blew inside out, and I was tugging to  
get it back again, when he appeared  
and offered to manage it for me."

The Colonel's eyes grew rather stern.  
"And you straightaway struck up an  
acquaintance. Beyond saying that he  
is a friend of Pat's he has, I presume,  
told you nothing about himself. I  
can't say this encouragement on your  
part is wise. You know nothing of  
the man?"

"I thought of all this at first," she  
said in the most matter-of-fact man-  
ner; "and consequently have always  
been most discreet, merely talking to  
him when I happened to meet him,  
which, I know, he has contrived to  
make an everyday occurrence. Who-  
ever he is, he knows me to be a lady,  
and always treats me as such. After  
all, it's a matter of little moment. I'll  
make myself scarce for a little time,  
for fun, you know. This afternoon  
I'll drive over to Laugham. Jennie  
will be delighted to have me for a few  
days. If, eh, she added, with a little  
wink, "the comes, you can tell him I  
have gone away."

Laugham was a village some six  
miles distant, and the lady mentioned  
one of many motherless boys and girls  
who endeavored to live with some style  
on the magnificent stipend of a coun-  
try clergyman who, like Goldsmith's  
ideal, was "More bent to raise the  
wretched than to rise." Gladys  
caught her that afternoon busily help-  
ing an inefficient cook to prepare din-  
ner, while Doris, her junior by two  
years, kept up appearances in the  
drawing-room in case of callers.

"You see," she explained, "we have  
two of Ted's college chums in the  
house, and Durrant can't do every-  
thing. They are gone now to some  
amateur sports with Mabel and Susie,  
so I am making the best use of their  
absence."

Gladys and Jennie Cranstead under-  
stood each other thoroughly; there  
was no false pride between them.

"Let me help you," she volunteered.  
"These peas," pulling toward a heap-

ing market-basket, "may I shell the  
Jennie? Really, I should like to."

"And mess your fingers? Just see  
mine, what a state I've got them in.  
No, go and talk to Doris; I shall be  
there soon."

"No; I want to talk to you!" And,  
nothing loath, seeing she was deter-  
mined the rector's invaluable daugh-  
ter gave in.

Everything was done, and they  
were lounging in the drawing-room  
when the young folks returned tired  
and heated after a long afternoon on  
the shadeless athletic ground. Ted  
was especially delighted at Gladys's  
presence. He brought his cup of tea  
round to her corner, and devoted the  
next half hour to tormenting her.

"Just a little droop here," he said,  
touching the corner of her mouth; "a  
perceptible thinness of the cheeks,  
two little lines here," indicating the  
brow. "Fretting about Pat, eh,  
Gladys? Never mind, some one will  
turn up to fill his place—a title at  
your feet, perhaps. Have you heard  
that your new neighbor, Sir Owen  
Chalmers, has appeared?"

"Not yet. His steward does not  
expect him till next week."

"Perhaps not, but that's no reason  
why he shouldn't be here. I hear I  
may meet him very good authority.  
His valet, or, rather, confidential man,  
Owen, has been staying a week, or  
longer, at the King's Head. The baro-  
net sent him down to superintend  
some alterations in the stables, and he  
told me to-night of his arrival."

Gladys's eyes gleamed oddly. A not  
over-pleasant suspicion was confusing  
her. "Did you say his name was  
Owen?" she asked, trying to appear  
nonchalant.

"Yes, Philip Owen. Strange, isn't  
it, that master and man should have  
the same name? He's a very decent-  
looking fellow, too, and—"

"Thank you, Ted." She laid her  
hand upon his arm with a peremptory  
gesture. "Can't we talk of something  
interesting?" Her tones were of the  
coldest.

She escaped to her room at the first  
opportunity which offered itself. Her  
mind was in a state of great confusion.  
She tried to think calmly—to look  
the ugly possibilities Ted's informa-  
tion had suggested coolly in the face.  
But her pride rose in fierce revolt.  
She stamped up and down the room  
swiftly, too restless to sit or stand  
still. To think that she, the daugh-  
ter of an officer and a gentleman,  
should be guilty of philandering with  
a valet! Pshaw, the thought was re-  
volting!

The door opened softly, and Jennie  
Cranstead came in. "I want you,  
dear, to fasten my dress—these affairs  
that fasten behind. Why Gladys,"  
stopping suddenly in her remarks,  
"not dressed yet? What are you  
dreaming of now? It's late already."

Gladys turned away her flushed, an-  
gry face with an excuse. She was  
dressed before Jennie, who believed in  
finishing touches.

The evening was a very unsatisfac-  
tory one for Gladys. She was pre-  
occupied, and without sufficient spirit to  
retort even to Ted's banter.

Next morning she started out di-  
rectly after breakfast in the pony car-  
riage, to do something proper for Jennie.  
In her present state of mind, tennis  
seemed flat, and boasting offered no  
charm.

Bowling smartly up the drive two  
hours later, she was somewhat sur-  
prised to see a splendidly appointed  
carriage and pair waiting at the old-  
fashioned rectory door.

Leaving the groom to take the par-  
cel's round to the kitchen she alighted,  
and was entering, when Jennie,  
dressed with more than usual care,  
met her on the threshold.

"Be quick, and change your frock,  
dear; Sir Owen Chalmers is in the  
drawing room," she whispered, and  
flew off.

A moment later, in the shadowy  
hall she came in violent contact with  
a tall and stalwart form.

She looked up with some confusion,  
and met a well-known pair of dark  
eyes smiling into hers.

"You here!" she exclaimed, with  
more surprise than courtesy. "Pray  
let me pass."

"But, why! Don't run away,  
Gladys." He was holding her hands  
tightly. "Don't frown at me, Gladys.  
It was a very innocent little ruse at  
all. Pat always raved about your  
Bohemian habits, and vowed that one  
day you'd be making a messaline with  
some fellow's groom, or something  
of that sort. I had a mind to  
prove it, so came down to the King's  
Head, and posed as my own valet. I  
came—I saw—"

She waited for no further explana-  
tion. Her eyes were brilliant with  
mirth. "And conquered," she coquet-  
tishly declared.—St. Paul's.

## An Object Lesson.

The German Emperor has original  
ideas on many things. He thinks that  
those of his people who live far away  
from the coast are at a disadvantage,  
inasmuch as whatever knowledge they  
may have of military progress, they  
cannot but have vague ideas on what  
is being done in modern naval war-  
fare. He has had an ingenious mod-  
el constructed, measuring thirteen  
feet by 2½ feet, the upper part of  
which represents the deck of a great  
man-of-war, Koenig William. Every-  
thing is complete—the rigging, a siren,  
a searchlight, a number of revolving  
guns, each capable of firing twenty-  
six shots in succession, flag signal ap-  
paratus, lifeboats, etc. All these are  
operated by electricity. When a but-  
ton is pressed the signal lanterns begin  
to blaze, rockets are sent up, the beam  
of the searchlight flashes around and  
the guns go off. Orders have been  
given for the construction of sixteen  
similar battleships, for the purpose of  
giving the inland population some  
practical ideas of the doings of the  
navy.—New York Mercury.

## THE NEWS.

Grace M. Hubbard, aged twenty-five years,  
committed suicide in a hotel at Syracuse, N.  
Y.—The American Machine Company has  
been incorporated at Columbus, O., to secure  
the exclusive right to sell all their ma-  
chines to the retailers.—The organization  
of the Virginia State Oyster Tongs' League  
was perfected at a meeting held in Norfolk.

A railroad train struck a wagon near  
Toledo, O., killing Joseph Reinean, his ten-  
year-old daughter and Ernest Neiver.—In  
a quarrel over a girl at a dance at Point  
Pleasant, W. Va., Hiram Ward stabbed and  
seriously wounded John M. Christy.—The  
grand jury of Accomac county, Va., has in-  
dicted a large number of oystermen for violat-  
ing the oyster law.—The West Virginia  
Court of Appeals decided that the state trust-  
ees cannot lease the Berkeley Springs prop-  
erty without authority from the legislature.

Rev. Dr. George Morrison, of Baltimore,  
delivered an interesting and patriotic ser-  
mon in Chambersburg, Pa., on "Christianity  
as a Reforming Power."—Mrs. Henrietta  
Price, aged forty-five, starved to death in a  
wretched tenement in Wheeling, W. Va.—  
Atlanta and South Carolina Day combined  
was the biggest day at the Southern Exposi-  
tion up to date.—The government light-  
house steamer Golden Rod, commanded by  
Major George Verdrift, struck a snag and  
sank in the Ohio River, near Marysville, Ky.

The Christian Endeavor Unions of Cleve-  
land, O., offered prayers for the conversion  
of Robert Ingersoll.—John T. Overton, a  
pensioner, aged ninety-eight years, has been  
convicted, at Fort Smith, Ark., of forgery.

A. H. Nichols, a Nebraska farmer, threw  
a club at a horse he was trying to catch, and  
missing the animal, struck his little girl, who  
died from the blow.—Richard C. Meade,  
an insurance swindler, of Atkinson, Kan.,  
was convicted and sent to prison for five  
years.—James Anderson was fatally shot  
by Charles Harris in the Buchanan county  
jail, at St. Joseph, Mo.

The retail and wholesale millinery estab-  
lishment of A. H. Fuchs, occupying a four-  
story building in St. Louis, was destroyed  
by fire. The loss is estimated at \$115,000.—  
Announcement was made on the Commercial  
Exchange in Philadelphia of the failure of S. J.  
Clevenger & Co., commission merchants.  
The amount of the liabilities and assets are  
not known. The liabilities will be heavy,  
as the firm did a big business.—Vice Chan-  
cellor Bird, in Trenton, N. J., decided that  
Colonel and Mrs. Lewis Perrine were in con-  
tempt of court for taking away the two chil-  
dren of Mrs. Mary K. Black pending pro-  
ceedings for their recovery.—Governor  
Werts, of New Jersey, for the third time, sen-  
tenced Theodore Lambert to be hanged.—  
Several deputy wardens at the state prison  
in Jackson, Mich., were badly beaten by  
revolving convicts.—Deputy United States  
Marshal Donald, of the United States Dis-  
trict Court at Lynchburg, levied on all the  
property of the United States Express Com-  
pany at Lexington, Va., to satisfy in part a  
judgment rendered by the United States  
District Court against this company for sixty  
thousand dollars, in favor of F. M. Thread-  
gill & Co., of Lynchburg, for violation of  
contract.—Governor Cleave, of Maine, in  
behalf of that state, presented to the new  
battleship Maine an elaborate service.—  
The stockholders of the Illinois Central Rail-  
road met in Chicago and voted to increase  
the capital stock by \$10,000,000.—Reports  
from Union county, Tenn., state that revo-  
lutionary officers captured a still, twenty persons  
and a thousand gallons of whiskey.—Blanche  
Vierheller, a blind girl, was burned to death  
near Charleston, W. Va.

Harris Shaw and Harry March, of Lisbon  
O., were killed in their buggy, which was  
struck by a train in crossing the Fort Wayne  
Railroad.—Mrs. Eliza Salvey, who was  
divorced from the Rev. Salvey, of Chicago,  
a short time ago, was married to William  
Alexander, a real estate dealer, of Santa  
Barbara.—At Canterbury Hill, on the Nor-  
folk and Western Railroad, a bad freight  
wreck occurred. Engineer Waiter and  
Brakeman Hardin are fatally, and several  
others seriously, injured. The loss to the  
company will run far into the thousands.—  
A terrible battle took place at Hazel Green,  
Wolfe county, Ky., between John Williams and  
David Ross, two prominent and wealthy  
stock traders. Williams was killed and Ross  
wounded. They fell out during a settlement.

Mrs. Vodka, while traveling from Cham-  
plain, N. Y., to Springfield, Minn., became  
insane and leaped from the train, killing  
herself.—The Chattanooga National Bank  
of Columbus, Ga., failed.—At a Thank-  
sgiving celebration in Johnson county, Tenn.,  
James Martin and Kirk Eller, who had long  
held a grudge against each other, got into a  
fight. Martin drew his rifle on Eller, and  
the latter shot him with a pistol. Martin  
lived a few hours. A mob gathered to lynch  
Eller, but he was landed safely in the Moun-  
tain City Jail.

## INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY.

A Number of New Railroad Enterprises in  
the South.

Special reports to the Manufacturers' Rec-  
ord show the projection of a number of rail-  
road enterprises in the South; some for lines  
of considerable length, but the majority for  
short extensions or for connecting links be-  
tween important systems. There is consid-  
erable activity in the projection of electric rail-  
ways, and especially in and around Balti-  
more, where a number of important lines are  
to be constructed.

In cotton mill matters there have been re-  
ported during the week a proposed addition  
at a cost of \$125,000 to a Virginia mill, which  
will make it one of the largest mills in the  
entire South; a \$300,000 cotton mill company  
incorporated in Texas; a \$400,000 rope and  
cotton factory enterprise in Alabama; the ex-  
pansion of two North Carolina mills and  
one in South Carolina, and a proposed \$10-  
000 spindle mill in North Carolina; a \$100-  
000 cottonseed oil mill is projected in Texas;  
a 30-ton ice plant is reported for Mississippi;  
a 10-ton ice plant in Louisiana; a rice mill  
and electric plant in the same State; a bicycle  
factory and flour mill in Kentucky; a \$50,000  
lumber company in Virginia; two oil-rolling  
companies, one of \$400,000 and one of \$500,000  
capital, coal mining and a roller mill ex-  
pansion in West Virginia.

The dead body of James Smith, aged 60  
years, was found near Boulder, Colo. It is  
supposed he was killed by a mountain lion.

## ARMENIA'S WOES.

Turkish Conditions Still Much  
Unsettled.

## THE MISSIONARIES SAVED.

Minister Terrell Successful—The  
Turkish Government's View of  
the Case—The Governor of  
Hadjin Called.

From what can be learned in Constanti-  
nople it would seem that the situation in  
Anatolia appears to be much more tranquil  
than for some time past, and there is no  
doubt that efforts are being made to main-  
tain order in the districts where disturbances  
are threatened and to suppress disorders  
where outbreaks have occurred. All dangers  
are not passed, however, even in Anatolia.

The Governor of Hadjin, who had threat-  
ened to burn the convent and set fire to the  
barley fields in the vicinity, has, owing to  
the strong representations made to the Porte  
on the subject by Mr. Terrell, been recalled  
and his conduct will be inquired into.

The members of the American colony, as  
well as other foreign residents in Constanti-  
nople, join in praising the energetic and  
effective action of Mr. Terrell under very  
trying circumstances. There seems to be no  
reason for doubting that his representations  
to the Porte have been the means of saving  
American lives and preserving American  
property.

The main question now being discussed be-  
tween the Porte and the representatives of  
the powers is that of adding four extra  
guardships to the little foreign fleet in the  
Bosphorus, Great Britain, Italy, Russia and  
Austria demanding armaments for the passage  
through the Dardanelles of an extra gun-  
boat to be attached to their respective em-  
bassies. All the demands were made  
over a week ago on the ground that the for-  
eign population of Constantinople needed  
this additional protection, the Sultan still  
holds out in his refusal to grant the required  
permission.

From the highest authority we are enabled  
to give the view of the case taken by the  
Turkish Government. It is as follows:

While admitting that the powers possess  
the treaty right to have two guardships each  
in the Bosphorus, the Porte considers that  
the proposed increase of the number of for-  
eign war vessels there, under the present  
condition of things in the Turkish empire,  
might excite the Mussulmans and produce  
an effect far from the one desired by the  
powers.

In addition the Porte points out that, in  
view of the measures taken to preserve order  
an increase in the number of guardships at-  
tached to the embassies is not required.

It can be said upon authority that this is  
the substance of a note which the Porte has  
sent to the representatives of the powers in  
reply to an urgent request for an answer to  
their request for the armaments referred to.

Soon as the note shall have been received  
and considered at the British, Russian, Ital-  
ian and Austrian embassies a conference of  
the representatives of those powers will be  
drilled and a joint reply may be sent to the  
Porte.

The substance of the Porte's note will also  
be telegraphed to the different Ottoman em-  
bassies and ministries abroad, with instruc-  
tions to inform the governments they are  
accredited to of the stand assumed by the Sul-  
tan in this matter.

In addition, the Turkish representatives at  
London, St. Petersburg, Rome and Vienna  
will be instructed to earnestly request the  
four powers not to insist upon their demands  
in connection with the proposed extra guard-  
ships.

## ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

It is an odd fact that one of the books on  
the "Index Expurgatorius" is by his Holiness,  
Pope Leo XIII., written when he was  
a cardinal and placed on the prohibitory  
list by Pope Pius IX., from whence it has  
never been removed. It is a theological  
treatise on the Virgin Mary.

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, began life as  
an architect. Had not Mr. Greenwood, edi-  
tor of the "Cornhill Magazine," noticed, and  
for curiosity sake bought and read his sec-  
ond novel, "Under the Greenwood Tree,"  
which was lying neglected on an old book-  
shelf, the future author of "Tess of the D'U-  
rbervilles" might have been doomed to a long  
and struggling literary apprenticeship. Mr.  
Greenwood gave him appreciation and em-  
ployment, which finally led to his abandon-  
ment of architecture for literature.

Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, one of the first  
women to enter the civil service at Wash-  
ington, for a long time figured on the pay roll  
as "I. C. Barrows," to avoid the reduction of  
pay, which would probably ensue on the dis-  
covery of her sex. All went well until she  
was obliged to appear in person, together  
with other employees, to take the "iron-clad  
oath" that she had never borne arms against  
her country. The fact which most conclu-  
sively proved that she had not, also resulted  
in the paying down of her pay.

One of the prettiest episodes in the life of  
the Marquis Capranica del Guallevone,  
known to the play-going world as the famous  
tragedienne, Adelaide Ristori, is yearly re-  
called by the gift of a basket of oranges from  
a Spanish green grocer named Chapalo.  
Chapalo was once a soldier in the Spanish  
army, condemned to death for insubordina-  
tion, but Ristori, whose interest had been  
aroused in the unfortunate man, dug her  
self on her knees before the Duke of Valencia  
and Queen Isabella and "singed off" as elo-  
quently that she secured his pardon. Every  
year the grateful ex-soldier sends an offering  
of fruit to the Marquis, to whom he owes  
his life.

## FORT WORTH TRAIN HELD UP.

Robbers Were Unsuccessful, as They Could Not  
Get the Safe Open.

Five miles north of Childress, Texas, train  
No. 2, northbound, on the Fort Worth and  
Denver was held up by two men. Supt.  
Goode states that the robbers got nothing,  
the messenger could not open the safe. It  
is also stated that officers are now close to  
the robbers. No one on the train was hurt.

## CABLE SPARKS.

Alexander Dumas, the younger, the cele-  
brated French novelist and dramatist, died  
in Paris.

It is estimated that eighty lives were lost  
in the recent storm which swept over the  
Black sea.

The Brazilian cruiser Uranus has been  
wrecked, the commander and five of the  
crew being drowned.

It is the intention of the French govern-  
ment to modify the convention recently en-  
tered into with Madagascar.

The Americans sojourning in London and  
Berlin observed Thanksgiving Day by ban-  
quets, at which over seven hundred persons  
were present.

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